

# A true and good RELATION,

of the **Valiant Exploits, and Valiant**  
**Enterprizes of Sir Simon Hartnoll, and Sir**

**Come with their valiant overthrow, of a least 1000**  
**Rebels, with the taking of their Towne, and the**

**the Rebels by a most gallant**  
**AND ALSO**

**The relief of Droghdaugh, and other particulars related**

**the Defeat of the Rebels, from Mr. Chappell**  
**to his Majesty's Dragoon, and**

**the Relief of Droghdaugh, and other particulars related**  
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**Whomunto, it added, another Relation concerning**

**the taking of the Towne, and the**  
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A Letter from the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Mr. Chappell out of Ireland, to a friend  
at his in London

Our Letter bearing date the 28 of the last Month, I have re-  
ceived. I am glad to hear of your success in London;  
but I hope God will in his good time turne all to the best:  
for those that truly leave him. Our Rebellion here day-  
ly increaseth, so that we cannot travel any way from this City above a  
mile or 2 without danger, for if the Rebels came over, we in this  
City have been much incouraged; his men were killed on *Newyears* day,  
and though they were but one regiment, consisting but of 7 Companies,  
yet they have bred some terror to our enemies, who before reported that  
the King would send us no help, and calls us *Englische Rebels*: they began  
to march out of the City at *St. James*, which is but 2 miles hence; but *Sr*  
*Charles* Clive, the most valiant of our Generals, with about 100 horse and foot  
march towards them, and was with them as long as there was any light  
in the morning and put them to flight; some he killed some he carried to  
be hanged, and 3 or 4 he took prisoners, and after the Town was pillaged  
by his soldiers, he set it a fire with the Gunne, which fire was not out  
till 4 days after; it is thought that there were at least 1000 Rebels in the  
Town when it was taken; he did not come in at that time, but  
I am told that the last week the Rebels of *St. James* and *St. Charles* Clive's  
force, but he thought it was not till the clock in the morning, and when  
they were within the Town, up *St. James* street, with his *Swiss* march't  
toward *St. James*, where *Charles* with his *Swiss* and *Swiss*, in  
both which Towns the Rebels lay in Garrison, the Towns are both al-  
most one distance from each other, the distance of them is counted but 2 miles  
and they are about a middle distance from the one to the other; *Sr Charles*  
quickly put his Rebels to flight, who seemed to be furious at first, and  
made great shews with their coullers display'd, but durst not stand to  
fight; *Sr Charles* burnt the Town and the great Tower to it, and then  
march towards my Lord of *Ormond*, who was then in fight with  
the Rebels of *St. James*, and twas reported that he was in danger at that  
time; the Rebels seeing another Army coming towards them from  
that way of *St. James*, thought it had been their own coming to helpe  
them, but as soon as they perceived the contrary they fled; their Cor-  
nell (being a man too familiar amongst us) amongst the rest of his Re-  
bels routed, leaving behind him his hat, scarlet coate, and blue pluff  
coat with him, which were not long before he was taken; who he is  
not known, but the *La Nour* is a son, who is likewise a Rebel, after  
they

they had pillaged the Town they set fire to the houses and burnt  
 brought home 4 or 5 prisoners, rest of the Town was miserably  
 taken by them, and should have been burnt down. The Rebels that were in both Towns were thought to be 1000  
 and both our Armies were not above 400. It is thought that  
 were slain of them that day about 100, but I have not heard  
 of ours. The 10 day of this Month, Sr Charles, wrote to  
 Tallow and the Mountmellick, about 4 or 5 miles from Dublin, that  
 there were thousands of Rebels that night, but perceiving a Party  
 coming towards them, of which he thought they had intelligence, he  
 fled, but he burnt 4 of their Towns where they were, and the  
 doctors bringing home their patient, about 10 miles before he  
 about 10 of the clock that night, he took other Soldiers and went  
 wards Swords, which is about 6 mil. from hence Northward, where  
 was with his Army before break of day, the next morning, but as  
 it was light he began to charge the Rebels, but at a great distance  
 for he was forced to keep the body of his Army in a line, and  
 that from their works and towers of earth, but the Rebels  
 they got into the next field where they did very good but  
 within an hours light he put them to flight, and after the Rebels  
 made their pillage, they burnt the Town to the ground, and  
 about 10 of the clock that night, he took other Soldiers and went  
 but a man, whereof one was Sr James Cary my L. Father-in-law  
 who was shot in the head as he was taking his up his horse to fight, and  
 to be buried on Sunday next, Sr Charles with the Army returned to  
 that night, where he was of the Protestants, but by the Rebels  
 kilt, for some of them could not escape, but openly to warn that  
 our Army were in the same case and served as Sir *Loring* was, one of  
 them, as I hear, was hanged this morning. Sr Charles Carys name is  
 terrible to the Irish, and I could wish that the P. of *Drum* were so too  
 but as long as his Troopers are most of them Papist, and so many  
 to his servants, that they lay save and stand on him, I fear it will not be.  
 Our Parliament is prorogued till 7<sup>th</sup> Jan. next, the Rebels threaten to bring  
 60000 to *Dublin* very shortly but we fear not their word, had we  
 but here but 2 or 30000 Soldiers more, so that we might go to meet  
 them in the field, and yet leave strength enough to defend our City. On  
 Monday last there was a supply of victuals sent from this Port by Sea to  
 relieve our Soldiers in *Drogheda*, the which I pray God to find them  
 that ways they are like to Lifer, and the Town too, the which God  
 forbid they have been now besieged above 2 Months, the Rebels are  
 grown more bloody in their cruelties and mercilese dealing with their

Protestants, that they now dayly take then heretofore they have  
 taken. I have taken the Town of *Stratford*, and ript up the Mini-  
 ster's belly, whose name was *Traford*: his wife being in the street with  
 him, she with her hands put his bowels into his belly again, and with  
 the help of some other, drew him a little way where there was straw,  
 with which she covered him, and run to the house to see her children,  
 which the Rebels were taking and in pulling off of one of the children  
 coles, she took the child's neck, she run again to her husband and found  
 him to have received a wound in his head to the very braines, she run to  
 seek again, but whilst she was gone the Surgeon past by, and Mr *Traford*  
 lookt to him, and he replied that he durst not medle with him: his wife  
 was meet by others of the Rebels, which stript her stark naked, she return-  
 ing in that case to her husband put away the straw and found him dead  
 with his throat cut: they have barbarously murdered, hanged, and de-  
 stroyed divers others of our Ministers, & now say Make in their Churches.  
 It is too tedious for me to write the tithe of their cruell and merciless  
 dealing which dayly I heare of and with my own eyes see: those people  
 that have been stript stark naked, and come through frost, snow and rain  
 to this City for succour, have here died for want, 30 of them in a day &  
 night there are at this instant between 4 and 500 of them shipt to be sent  
 to *Wales*. Should you see the multitudes of them and their mis-  
 ery, you know the plenty that most of them lately lived in, it could not  
 but make the hardest heart to grieve: God in mercy comfort them, & send  
 them relief according to their severall wants. If there be so many in this  
 City, how many may there be through the whole Kingdome, and have  
 and do perish in the high ways and open fields, besides those that the  
 Rebels have in prison and are dayly like to fall into their merciless hands;  
 that they have not speedy relief from *England* and *Scotland*, the which  
 I pray God send us in due time; otherwise many that at this time,  
 which are in Castles and other holes, being environed with their ene-  
 mies, will be forced out of them or starved to death: there are very few  
 Papists, but they are Rebels, either in part or with well unto their pro-  
 ceedings, (I mean in this Kingdome) and I pray God to turn the hearts  
 of all those which seem to be, what indeed they are not, but more especiall  
 those: If there be any such brearing Office in our Armies, and to roote  
 them out from amongst us, which with well to this Rebellion, yet seem  
 other wayes. For many have promist faire, which meant nothing less  
 than open Rebellion, as dayly they discover themselves, for one day they  
 come as good and loyall subjects, and the next being returned into the  
 Countrey, shew themselves to be Rebels, and this is too usuall a thing  
 amongst us, God in mercy amend it: Many of our Citizens and most of

the richest sort that are Papist, have sent their goods, wives and children into the Countrey, some to their Countrey houses, other to their friends: But all amongst the Rebels, where no Protestants may live or come, except with strength, and what differ such from Rebels think you? Some of our Aldermen are returned to *Dublin*, and some others whole wives, and children are not as I take it: Alde man *Wheat*, who was the last Summer at *London*, and brought over a Petition to make a Lord Mayor of our City: I dare swears rejoyceth to hear that his son is a Captaine amongst the Rebels, and should you meet these men as I do daily, and heare their discourse: You would say they had beaten faces indeed: for should we go into the Countrey amongst them, there were no death or misery bad enough for us, and as long as such like men are amongst us, I feare there is but little quietnesse or peace to be expected? There are 4 Lords, whole names are *Buter*, that are Rebels, I pray God the fifth, who I feare, is too curious and favorable to his Counteymen, may never affect their Religion, or covertly countenance, or other wayes violate the trust reposed in him. Hereafter I may chance write you more, as the time gives occasion, but for the present with my love and respects to your selfe and the rest of my friends, I remaine your loving friend;

*Richard Chappell.*

Since that I had ended this Letter, I am now told that Captain *Borlase* hath relieved *Droghda* with the victuals that were sent from hence, and that he is now come to *Dublin* again with 2 prisoners that he brought from thence; upon the relieving of the Town the Rebels made a breach in the wall thereof, and there came in of them above 400. who were quickly for the most part slain, to the number of 260 or there about, the rest taken prisoners, and how many were slaine by the long Boats, Gabboards and Pinnaces that went to the Town is not known, for they were furnished with store of Musketers and small pieces of Ordnance, the which they discharged towards the rebels on the shore, who thought to have stopt their passage, as fast as they could let fly for a miles space, we lost not a man, but their could not so, being so thick, 2000 on the shore.

More





## More newes from Corke, in Ireland, the 16. of Jan. 1641.

**S**unday, Jan. 16. Sir Simon Harcourt, and Sir Thomas Temple hearing that the late risen Rebels, *Dominick Mack Carry* was drawing toward the Towne and Castle of *Enishannon*: with intent to visitall and murther it better as we conceived: considering how neere that Castle stands unto *Kingsale*, lately recovered, and how bad an enemy likely to prove, if we should suffer the Rebels, not only to nestle there, but even to passe by our doore, and to relieve them in a Bravado, desired of God dispensation for breach of the Sabbath, and after some short prayers, and recommending our selves unto God: with refreshing our bodies with such food, as the condition of the time, and place, would permit: We advanced 200. Horses, and 200. Foot, and five small field Peeeces, with this equipage: we came unto the foord of *Enishannon*, being very exceeding broad, but not very deep, hard chalky clay, being the sledge of the Foord: An arm of the Sea flowing up from *Kingsale*, three Irish miles: we must needs passe this Foord unto *Enishannon*, other way there is none.

*Dominick Mack Carry* passed along the other side of the Foord upon the Strand, in passing good order, as ever saw Rebels, since I came over, his Horses being at least foure or five hundred completely armed: His Foot two thousand, and about five or six hundred completely armed with Pike, halb Pike, Musket, or Calliver, (which makes me suspect something, seeing that a Rebell but lately risen, and of no great note, this being the very first exploit that ever he took in hand, as we heare of, should in so short a time be able to raise so many men, and in that manner to furnish them) we expected not, till he should bid us now come over: but forthwith sent over our Cavalery to charge him, and a little to stay his halt, and to perswade him to take us along with him to *Enish*, if we could not obtain so much as to be there before him: Sir *Simons* 200. Horses were

as good and as serviceably fitted, as ever was before, that was sent out of England; and the Cavaliers that lost them, were possessed with this opinion: Yet their marching so far in the water; and the enemy standing on the dry strand, much broke their charge, and Sir Richard the English, who received their charge boldly, and answered it bravely, as he instructed that they wanted powder, and which I rather believe their powder was daine, being carried in bags by their sides (as their manner is) whether it was one or the other, their Pistols would no longer fire, which Mark-Caris perceiving, caused his Cavalry to retire, and advanced his Infantry against our Cavalry and not the work is front you may be sure.

We victualled and mended the Castle with such provision and Ammunition as we could well spare, until we shall hear farther from you, and on Monday we rode back againe at Kinsale.

Tuesday the eighteenth we heard newes that Dundee Bridge was suddenly surprized by the Scotch Army, and most fortunately relieved by Sir Richard Grenville, who had English Townes waited in, belonging unto the Earle of Cork; the English then: Sir Richard at his arrival to Cork, it being a thicke and foggy night, was something ill disposed; Captain Thomas Smith, Captain of the Fort, persuaded him to take his Troop, and to come to the Country, telling us that as *Richard* had not lodge knight or two, being a most sweet ayre, thereby not only to recreate himselfe, but also to revive the drooping hearts of his dear Country-men, with the presence of so worthy a Commander: Sir Richard consented, and the next morning being Monday, 19th, with 80 Horses, and only thirty Musketiers, passed thither: when he came upon an hill within a mile of the Towne, he heard musket shot, and saw their colours fly, The Towne standing in a bottom, about some hundred shot play, wondering that they play so fast: within half a mile we heard lamentations of women, and crying out of children, we liked not that: Sir Richard caused his Trumpets to sound, and his Muskets to order, and thus they all crying courage came to the Towne, a Grinfield, a Grinfield: we came to the gates, which by reason of the great confusion in the Towne, were not opened scarce within a quarter of an houre.

Being entred, they found the enemy to have entred in the Low Towne thorough the water, between two butts of wale; some 40 were entred, and skirmishing with the *English* men: the rest to the number of 600. were passing the foord a maine; when they saw our trumpets and such a number of fresh Horses in that equipage, and the shot plainly increased, they in the passage retired with all speed they could make, into the wood and bog, some Two miles above the River; never staying for their fellows in the Towne, who were all slain to the number of 41.

fine

him, *Anderssen* was either slain or dangerously hurt. Thus was that party taken happily relieved, but all such matters is not of this nature, I wish it were.

And Towns of greater importance are taken, thus way we had sustained some harm, but not more than we could stand, the Rebels advantage, (having not only the ground, but the high and broken sandy banks, behind him checked with his supplies, and took his intrenchment upon the falling back of his horse to come up, and being in water in one whole body, and to pour in from a valley of fire into the Rebels ranks, that they dropped wonderfully, neither could they stand at that distance, reach his men as appeared before, and that of them that were left, *Sims* perceiving how the game played, would not suffer his men to move any further, but to play their face at each distance, which he perceived sufficiently annoyed their Enemies, and so then came forward, at the third volley, the Bombers Infantry gave them a volley at the banks upon their heels, how much they missed, or how much could be missed, does at distance advanced, till at length the Rebels gave the command of the stand, then after one volley more, our horse now under the command of *Sir Thomas Tracy*, having received the word, also at some one hour had already the banks. At last, having seen what they did to their horse a brace, (the foot in the mean time giving the Rebels full upon them in such a fierce manner) that no resistance in a manner was made, that was dead upon the ground, eight hundred heads and feet, with *Mac Garry* and his two halberd brethren, whose heads were first way, hither off and carried upon poles into *Edinburgh*, and so forth who are.

Whither being come, the Town made, nor could make no resistance; The Castle would not answer; whereupon *Sir Sims* with his five pieces battered the gate, and wicket, entered by force, found thirty

desperate Villains in it, hanged some of them over

the Castle wall, some in other

parts of the Town, and so forth who are.

Thus was the Town taken, and so forth who are.

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